

LOCAL NEWS EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK AS DEPICTED BY PARSONS

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



Same old thing and a lot more of it—snow!

Perfectly awful row over park amusements at city hall.

The local T. R. support gets the glad tidings from New York.

The loving cup is awarded in the picture show contest.

Hennery Allen makes a plea for Shawnee county primary.

Spring looks in again, but is all ready to run.

This is merely a forecast of the county convention this p. m.

Book News.

A new edition of Luke Vincent Lockwood's standard work on colonial furniture called "Colonial Furniture in America," will be published in the fall by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be virtually a new work—two volumes instead of one, having in the neighborhood of 1,000 illustrations instead of 300, and treating many new topics and the old ones in a far more detailed and thorough manner than was possible in the earlier volume. "Colonial Furniture in America" was originally published some half dozen years ago. Ever since that time Mr. Lockwood has been working on this new edition. He has traveled everywhere to gather his information at first hand, and if there was any doubt whether he was the foremost authority on colonial furniture after the original was published, there certainly will be no doubt of it after this new edition is published. The beautiful illustrations are from specimens in the possession of private collectors and many historic and otherwise famous places in public collections.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" had the privilege of entertaining the president of the United States last week. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of this popular play, was a dinner guest at the White House last Tuesday evening, and afterwards the president's party occupied two boxes at the National theater where "Rebecca" is being played. The party included President and Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Charles Anderson of Cincinnati, Mrs. Taft's sister, and her daughter, Miss Katherine Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Riggs (Mrs. Wiggin), Lieut. Rogers, and Lieut. Manley.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante," just published by The Century Co., is one of the expatriated Americans of artistic taste who have contributed so materially to our national reputation in literature and art. Like Henry James, Sargent, Joseph Pennell, Mrs. Fennell, and of an earlier day, Whistler, and Marion Crawford, Mrs. Sedgwick has become thoroughly Anglicized in her way of life. Mrs. de Selincourt retains her maiden name, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, on her books. She was born at Englewood, N. J., where she spent her childhood. When she was nine she went abroad and has lived there since, chiefly in Paris and London.

"The Unvarying East," that is the title of a new book by an old friend, the Rev. J. Hardy, author of "How to Be Happy Though Married," and other volumes of charming and enlightening essays. In the book just published he is as clever and graceful as ever, yet his theme is very different from those of earlier writings as the sub-title, "Modern Scenes and Ancient Scriptures," makes plain. Mr. Hardy proceeds to give an account of residences and travels in scriptural lands which shows the east has not varied even in the little details of daily life since Biblical days, and by comparing the travelers' experiences and observations with Biblical accounts of events and customs, he gives

to the text of the Bible a meaning, a vividness, and a force that was not before realized. This applies not alone to the Old Testament; the beautiful simplicity, aptitude and cogency of Christ's figurative language especially in the parables is often revealed; some comprehension is glimpsed of the force and vividness such homely similes and figures must have had for the multitudes when actually uttered.

Though the actual composition of "The Counsel for the Defense," Leroy Scott's latest book, was only begun a comparatively short time before it was sent to its publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., the author said today that he has been gathering the material for it practically all his life. He was born and brought up in Indiana, and knows the life of the small towns in the middle west from long experience. The ideas on women expressed in the book came later, for as the author himself said, "It was not until after I had lived at Hull House, Chicago, for a time that I developed any of that thing people call a 'social sense'."

George Ade, the Indiana humorist and playwright, is spending a couple of weeks in New York, after having attended the recent dinner given by Colonel Harvey in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of William Dean Howells.

Announcement is made by Doubleday, Page & Co. that "The Recording Angel," by Cora Harris will be published early in April.

William Watson, the English poet, recently on a visit to this country, will contribute to the April Century a vigorous exposition of the "Muse in Exile," in which he accounts for the apparent lack of interest in the art of poetry, and maintains its importance to the world. He also joins in the current discussion of "fiction" as the reigning form of imaginative expression, and urges that "it is only in the narrative, of holding the reader's attention by alternately gratifying and plunging his curiosity, of resorting to innumerable shifts to which a really noble art would never descend."

Among the leading Scribner publications of March are President Butler's studies in practical politics, entitled "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?" a book on the causes of the Civil war called "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," by Hilary A. Herbert, LL. D., who was secretary of the navy under President Cleveland, and Dr. Frederick Jones Bliss' study of "The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine," the two new novels, Mrs. Bellows' "The Chick in the Armour," and Ramsey Benson's "A Knight in Denim," two books of short stories, "It," by Gouverneur Morris, and "Wide Courses" by James B. Connolly; one of those little classics which

it has become the custom to publish in book form in two editions, one between boards, and the other, limp leather—"The Counsel Assigned," a story of Lincoln, the young lawyer, by Mary R. S. Andrews, author of "The Perfect Tribute," "Plays by August Strindberg," certainly one of the most important publications of this season, if not quite, appeared at the very end of February. So did a new play by John Galsworthy, "The Pigeon."

"The Adventures of Polly and Gilbert in Washington, D. C.," is a new book by Lydia Waldo Locking, published by the Cosmopolitan Press of New York. Grown ups as well as children will be interested in the story of Gilbert's visit to his relatives in Washington. For while he was there he and his cousin, Polly, saw Washington leisurely and pleasantly. Older members of the family vied with one another to see that the two children were thoroughly informed concerning the union station, the capitol, the Congressional library, the White House, the Corcoran art gallery, the Washington monument—indeed, concerning all the public structures that make Washington so beautiful and so imposing.

"Dorothy Day" is the title of a new novel by William Dudley Foulke, published by the Cosmopolitan Press of New York. To one who is fond of a book like "Cranford," who can find pleasure in a humorous description of a quaint society, who would study the homely ways of the Quakers and the influence of their peaceful teachings in the making of character, and to one who would watch the outgrowth of worldly wisdom from the conscience of a boy nurtured under carefully guarded surroundings this novel will be full of interest.

BOWSER'S SPRING TONIC.

He Got It for a Joyful Tonic, But It Brought Tears.

"Mrs. Bowser," began Mr. Bowser, the other evening, after he had been puffing away at his cigar for a quarter of an hour. "I was talking with a farmer today and he said the robins had come back from the South."

"Yes."

"That's a sure sign of spring, isn't it?"

"It's so considered, I believe."

"One needs a tonic in the spring, doesn't he?"

"You can make yourself believe that you need one," she replied, as she gave him a sharp look.



"But I don't have to make myself believe. More than a dozen men have told me in the last month that I was all run down. Only yesterday Green was telling me that he never saw a man fall as I have."

"Mr. Green, as you know, is near-sighted and cross-eyed."

"But I have failed. I feel it and know it. There have been days in the last week when I did not feel that I could crawl to the office. On the car coming home tonight I had a faint spell, and for ten minutes I hardly knew where I was."

"And when you recovered an old woman had her arm around you and was saying: 'Poor kid!'"

"By thunder, woman, are you making a burlesque of this?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he roused up.

"Not at all, only when a man loses his senses on a street car for ten minutes he can't tell what man happens. Had you been eating hard-boiled eggs in a quick-lunch place?"

"Of course not."

"Well, go on with what you were going to say. I presume you will get around to spring tonics in time."

"I shall get around to what I darn please!" Mrs. Bowser, what sort of a wife are you, anyway? Never do I get a word of sympathy from you. Never does the state of my health worry you in the least. If I were dying like an old horse in the shafts you would turn to ridicule. I have the backache; I have swimming of the head; I have pains; I have loss of memory; I have ringing in the ears; I have a general feeling of lassitude. All these and more I have, and yet you sit there with a heart of stone."



"Far from it, Mr. Bowser," she replied. "On the contrary, I say you need a spring tonic and if I were you I'd go over to the drug store and get one right away."

"Yes, I have noticed."

"Brown got a spring tonic a week ago and he is feeling joyful all the time. You may have noticed that I haven't laughed for days and days?"

"I don't have to go to the store, Mr. Bowser. I had a tonic put up near the office."

"The druggist said there were five laughs and six whoops in every dose of it. Here it is."

And he drew from his pocket a quart bottle with the written label on it: "Spring Tonic."

"Mrs. Bowser took the bottle from his hand and shook it and sniffed at the contents and said:

"Better take a dose at once."

"You don't have to measure it out," replied Mr. Bowser. "All I have to do is to tip up the bottle and—"

And he gulped.

And he gulped.

And the dose he took was a liberal one.

"How often?" asked Mrs. Bowser as the gulping ceased.

"Every ten minutes 'till the joyful feeling comes, and then at longer intervals."

"Do you know the ingredients?"

"Not one. The druggist said I could trust it all to him. He has been putting up spring tonics for the last thirty years, and has never made one fail yet. He put up all of Roosevelt's tonics, spring and fall. I think I'll take another."

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"DICKENS' WIT AND WISDOM"

BY MRS. HOGUE STINCHCOMB

Be Kind to Father Time.

Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he carries for none of his children—often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making the old women and old men luxuriantly enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and full of vigor."—Barnaby Rudge.

As we grow older we keep moving our standards of middle age ahead. It is always at least—years beyond the boundary of the last birthday.

It is hard to realize that others may view us with different eyes. It is almost impossible to believe that Father Time has made any mark upon us that sets us in the class of "growing old."

Why then do we so wilfully waste our opportunities to make Father Time treat us kindly?

Let two owners of motor cars get together and they will talk for hours on sprocket and clutch, speed and will "lay his hands lightly upon."

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